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IDLE FEARS.

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BY ALICE CARY.

Now is the time and season of your bliss; but All joy is in the hope of joy to be.

Not in possession, and in after years You will look back with longing sighs and tears To the young days when you were free.

It was not true—they nurmede fears— And I never saw so good a day as this!

And youth and I have parted—long ago!— And I looked into my glass and saw our day, A little silver line that told me so! At first I shut my eyes and cried, and then I hid it under girlish flowers, but when Persuasion would not make my mate to stay I bowed my faded head, and said, "Amen" said And all my peace is since she went away.

My window opens toward the autumn woods I see the ghosts of thistles walk the air Over the long, level stubble-land that broods Beneath the herbless rocks that jutting lie Summer has gathered her white family Of shrinking daisies—all the hills are bare, And in the meadows not a limb of buds.

Through the brown bushes showeth anywhere Dear, beauteous season, we must say good-bye, And can afford to, we have been so blest, And farewells suit the time—the dear doth lie With cloudy skirts composed, and pallid face Under the yellow leaves, with touching grace So that her bright-haired sweetheart of the sky The image of her prime may not dispel.

Nor see the pain that underlies her rest.

The Masked Miner.

OR, SWEEPING AWAY THE CHAIN.

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY WM. MASON TURNER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURGH.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE TOILS.

For a moment after she was so rudely thrust into that dark, gloomy apartment, on that terrible night, Grace Harley tottered and reeled to and fro. Her ankles had been bound together so long, and so tightly had the cords been drawn, that her limbs, suddenly freed, failed to support her. She staggered backward, and, throwing her tied hands over her head, sunk slowly down.

But it seemed that she had reeled over to the side of the room where a sofa was placed, for she felt herself settling down on the soft velvet seat.

As well as she could, she felt around her, with her fastened hands, tied so tightly together; but she durst not leave the friendly sofa. She attempted to tear the bandage from her eyes and the gag from her mouth; but owing to the cramped, confined condition of her hands, and the severity with which the gag and the bandage were applied, she could not succeed.

Gradually, as she half-reclined on the soft sofa, and the damp chilliness left her person under the influence of the warm, genial atmosphere which surrounded her, the girl's scattered reason and deidened faculties of mind slowly returned to her. And then the full horror of the whole terrible transaction flashed over her.

That she was in the hands of some one who exercised a great power she could not doubt—a power to order, and to have those orders obeyed—to command, and to be hearkened to. And that same one, she argued, must indeed be a bold person, who would dare do such a deed in the midst of a large city, and only an hour or so after day-light had fled from that city, full of life—of bustle—of *law*, *law*, *law*, *law*.

Then, rapidly, as she sat there in the terrible silence and gloom, she thought of the prompting motive of this high-handed outrage. Could it be for the sake of money?—of extorting a high reward, by artful acting, from her father, whom everybody knew, to be rich?

No—for whatever planned the outrage and carried it into such successful execution had money to do with it. That could not be the occasion.

And then, slowly—softly—gradually—then like the glittering lightning-flash, a dark, hideous thought leapt into the bosom of Grace Harley, and filled her soul with horror. And then, as wild thoughts fled like racing phantoms through her bosom, the girl, with a gurgling cry, staggered to her feet and tottered around the room—seeking escape, somewhere—anywhere.

But soon her head came in cruel contact with the hard wall, and she fell, almost entirely senseless to the floor.

And there she lay, still and motionless, seeming scarcely to breathe—her frame quivering with convulsive shudders which swept wildly over her, but making no sound, nor striving to rise.

For a long time she lay thus—certainly an hour—uttering no cry—no groan—stirring not hand or foot; but in her soul she was praying earnestly to God for strength and protection.

At length her breath seemed to go entirely away, so motionless she lay, when suddenly there sounded without the grinding crush of carriage-wheels. The vehicle seemed to roll up to the door and pause.

Then came the quick, heavy tread of a man walking, and then the half-conscious girl heard a key grating in the lock; then felt a cold blast from without rush in. This was quickly shut out, and then a heavy tread



CATCHING THE SKIRT OF HIS COAT, WHICH HAD CAUGHT IN THE JAMB, HE

TORE IT NEARLY AWAY.

thundered old Ben, again forgetting all restraint, or, indeed, caring nothing for it.

"Silence, old man! Another offense like this, and I'll put you under arrest!" said the alderman, very sternly.

"That will do, Mr. Somerville," he continued, making a gesture for that young gentleman to stand aside.

Then a loud murmur came up from the crowd, and their changed looks showed that however much their sympathies had been with the prisoner, they were certainly different now.

Old Ben Walford seemed bewildered, but, whenever his gaze fell upon the face of his friend, the old man's cheeks and eyes would glow again with an unwavering friendship and devotion.

"EDWARD MARKLEY!" called out the alderman, consulting the paper before him.

There was a slight stir in the crowd, and a short, stout, matter-of-fact, honest-looking, red-faced man, stepped promptly forward, and stood before the alderman.

"That's my name, your honor," he said, as he placed his right hand composedly upon the Testament held out to him.

The requisite oath was soon administered. Every one pressed forward to hear what this witness had to say, for all knew him, and he was everywhere well known.

"What is your occupation?" asked the alderman.

"I am a toll-keeper on the Smithfield street bridge, sir," was the reply given, as if the speaker was proud of his place.

"Which end of the bridge?"

"The Birmingham side, sir," replied the man.

"Did you see Tom Worth on Tuesday night, the night of the abduction of Miss Harley on Mount Washington?"

"I did, your honor—twice."

Tom Worth started violently, and gazed hard at the witness, while the same black cloud, mentioned before, passed over his face.

But, the toll-keeper was very calm, and evidently was speaking the truth, he flinched not at all before the lowering gaze of the prisoner.

"Twice?" asked the alderman.

"Twice, your honor," said the alderman.

Tom Worth turned suddenly, and an answer seemed about to spring to his lips, but he controlled himself, and retained a decorous silence.

"FAIRLEIGH SOMERVILLE!" said the alderman, aloud, again consulting the slip before him.

A murmur, the nature of which could not be determined, ran through the crowd, as the name of young Somerville was pronounced, but the faces of the hard-working men—who formed a large proportion of the assembly—showed unmistakably the import of that murmur. The young man was not popular; he saw it himself—perhaps already knew it; but he was quite self-composed, as unbuttoning his overcoat, to show it, the handsome gold guard dependent from his vest buttonhole, and the scintillating diamonds gleaming in his shirt-bottom, he stepped forward and stood with haughty air, before the alderman.

"Lord, bless your honor! I know him! Yes, indeed! and to tell the truth, your honor, I never knew a better man until this business transpired."

"That has nothing to do with the case,"

"Do not volunteer or give any more opinions, unless asked."

"Be good, your honor," said the witness, deferentially.

"Go on, Mr. Markley, and relate when you first saw the prisoner that Tuesday night," said the alderman.

"Yes, your honor. It was early in the evening—certainly not later than half-past seven o'clock. The prisoner there came across the bridge, and passed in the light of the gas lamp by my toll-office. I saw him distinctly."

"How was he dressed?" asked the alderman.

"In his mining suit, sir—his overcoat buttoned around him."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No, sir. I was engaged at the time, and Tom, coming from the city side, did not stop at all."

"Did you watch him?"

"No, your honor; I had no occasion to do so, my own business was enough for me to attend to."

"Was the prisoner alone?"

"Yes, your honor; I suppose so, though at first I thought he was in company with two other miners, who passed just ahead of him, coming likewise from the city side."

"Two others?"

"Yes, sir; miners too; I told them by their dress."

"Did you know these two?"

"I think not, and their faces were turned down the river, your honor; I could not see them."

The alderman pondered for a moment, and then asked:

"Well, the second time: when was it, and under what circumstances did you see the prisoner?"

"It was late in the evening, about half-past eight o'clock, I should judge. An open wagon drove rapidly down the Mount Washington road, and stopped on the bridge to pay toll. The wagon was an open country vehicle, drawn by one horse. In that wagon lay a dark-looking heap; what it was I don't know, but I do know that two men sat on the driving-board of the wagon, and that he who drove was Tom Worth."

With a half-cry, the prisoner turned toward him, in a mute appeal! But, that witness was an honest fellow; he prided himself especially on that one characteristic, and he would not, from his position, though a world were in arms against him.

As if in reply to the prisoner's look and appeal, he said, firmly:

"Yes, Tom, it was you; and you know it, for I spoke to you, and asked you where you were going. You replied very roughly, something about your name being in everybody's mouth, and then drove on. To tell you the truth, your honor," said the man, rather familiarly, "this was so unlike Tom Worth, as I know him, that, though against my will, I took it for granted he was a little in liquor."

"That will do, Mr. Markley," said the

CHAPTER XIII.

UNDER LOCK AND KEY.

CHAPTER XIV.

UNDER LOCK AND KEY.

alderman, slowly, after a long pause, during which an almost perfect silence was preserved in the crowded room.

And then ensued a low, continued buzz throughout the apartment, as the alderman, consulting several memorandums he had made during the progress of the testimony, seemed lost in thought.

Some five or ten minutes elapsed, and then, slowly straightening himself back in his chair, the alderman said, in a clear, distinct voice:

"I have heard all, prisoner, that thus far could be said in your favor, and all that up to this stage of proceedings could be said against you. I will not conceal it that the case looks black against you; yet, I know well of your uniform, good standing and reputation, and I have already received from your employers letters showing their implicit confidence in you."

"God bless them!" murmured the prisoner, deeply.

"Nevertheless," continued the alderman, "as the case stands, and on the testimony elicited *against* you, I must commit, or release you on bail."

"And how much, your honor?" suddenly asked old Ben Walford, striding forward.

"Two thousand dollars," said the alderman, after a little reflection and deliberation.

"Oh, God! I haven't that much, your honor," exclaimed old Ben; "but, sir, I have *one thousand*! Take that, sir, and *I'll* go to jail in his place for the rest! Only don't send him, your honor; he's too young—he's too—"

"Enough, enough, my good man," said the alderman, evidently moved, as was every one present, save Fairleigh Somerville; "I can not accept such bail, though!"

"Then you can accept *mine*, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Hayhurst, the overseer of the Black Diamond mine, in a clear voice, promptly stepping forward. "I am worth, sir, *ten thousand* dollars, good money! *I'll* go to Tom Worth's bail, even for the whole amount!"

A half-cheer followed this declaration.

"It will do, sir; I accept you as the prisoner's bail," said the alderman; as if he was truly glad bail had been found. As he was about to draw the papers toward him, Tom Worth, with a terrible burning in his eyes, exclaimed, suddenly:

"No! no! your honor! I will not have it thus, though I am deeply grateful to my friends for their kindness, and you, your honor, for your leniency. But, *I'll* go to jail, and *I'll* stand my trial; and, at some future day, *I'll* unmask *you*!" I am determined to do."

No arguments could persuade the prisoner to alter his determination, though old Ben, in his frenzy and bewilderment, came near chastising him.

And then Tom Worth was regularly committed, and led to the van.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 15.)

The Ace of Spades:
OR, IOLA, THE STREET SWEETER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

CHAPTER XXXI—CONTINUED.

It was on the morning preceding the night that these events transpired, that Curly Rocks had the interview with the mysterious Mr. A. B., that ended with his departing with that gentleman and Cranston, the detective, to visit the person who could give the information relative to the lost child.

While the three are on their way to the house of Patsy Duke, in Forty-fifth street, for that celebrated hostelry, known to the public as the "Dew Drop," and to the police as "Duke's Crib," was the destination to which Curly was conducting the two gentlemen—we will visit Iola in her prison, in that same house, to which she had been consigned by English Bill.

Iola had passed a sleepless night! Early in the morning Bill brought in a large stone pitcher of water and a small loaf of bread, "prison fare," as the ruffian observed with a grin.

Iola, after Bill had departed, did not hesitate to partake of the simple fare. She was determined to escape, and she knew that she needed strength for the attempt and fasting was not the way to gain it.

The girl carefully examined her prison. The room was partially lighted by the heart-shaped holes in the shutters. Iola tried the windows but they were securely nailed down. Then she examined the door. The lock was fitted in the wood, and there was no chance to pry back the bolt, even if she had had the necessary tools for such an attempt.

The heart of the girl sunk within her as she saw how securely she was fastened in her prison.

Last of all, Iola examined the little closet. And as she stood in the closet doorway, gazing at the white wall before her, the thought suddenly occurred to the girl, that if the room adjoining the closet was empty, she might tunnel a hole through the wall of the closet—which was in all probability but a mere partition of lath and plaster—and by that means penetrate to the other room. Probably from that room she could get into the entry and so escape from the house.

But the first thing was to ascertain if the front room was empty. So Iola rapped

loudly on the partition. No answer came; nor could the girl, listening intently with her ear close to the wall, hear any one moving in the room adjoining the closet.

Iola was satisfied that the room was empty.

The next movement on the part of the girl was to find some instrument by means of which she might displace the plaster of the wall.

Eagerly she searched for the means of freedom. Fortune aided Iola, for in a corner of the drawer of the table, she found an old and rusty knife-blade. No girl deep in love ever clutched the first letter from the loved one with more eagerness than Iola seized upon the old knife-blade.

With the knife-blade Iola commenced to pick away the plaster, and as each little piece fell to the floor, she thought she was so much nearer freedom.

Iola listened intently while she worked, so that she should not be surprised at her labor by her jailers. But no footsteps rung through the passage-way, and at last the point of the knife glided through the partition without meeting with any impediment on bail.

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Iola was startled from her reverie by the sound of footsteps coming up the stairs, and approaching the door of her room, but the footsteps did not pause there but went by, and apparently entered the room, that the closet adjoined.

The girl, with one of those sudden thoughts that sometimes flash across the mind, determined to see who these men were. She knew that by the aid of the hole she had made with the knife in the closet wall, she could easily look into the other room and not only see but hear.

She had a fancy that possibly she might learn something that might assist her in escaping from the hands of English Bill.

So Iola sprang to the closet, and lifting up the cloak looked through the hole in the plaster into the other room.

Leaving Iola at her post of observation, we will return to Curly Rocks and the two gentlemen that he was conducting.

The party had taken a Second avenue car and got off at Forty-fifth street.

Curly conducted the two to the saloon known as the "Dew Drop."

In the saloon, Curly introduced English Bill to them as the party who could give them the information that they desired.

"Hain't you got an empty room, Biddy, where I can take the two gents for to talk over a little business?" asked Bill of Patsy Duke's "better-half."

"Yes, the front wan, 'shure; up wan flight, beyond the wan where the girl is," answered the lady, who was a stout, bibernian dame.

"Jest foller me, gents," said Bill, leading the way up stairs. Brown and the detective followed, while Curly Rocks brought up the rear.

When they were in the room, and the door was closed behind them—the room was a large, unfurnished apartment—Bill began the interview:

"I believe one of you gents wants a little information 'bout a lost child?"

"Yes," responded Brown, "I am that person."

"Well, now to have the matter all straight, let's see if you mean the same baby that I does," said Bill.

"This baby was a girl 'bout a year old.

In 1852 a feiler wot was carrying her, her cloak along Thirtieth street, got hit in the head with a slung-shot—knocked down, and the baby taken away from him."

"So far, correct."

"The baby had on the left shoulder an Ace of Spades, just about the same size as the one in a pack of cards."

"Yes, that is the child whose fate I wish to know," said Brown.

"Well, now," said Bill, slowly, "I'm the only man that knows any thing 'bout this here baby, an' what's 'come of her; but

in the first place, I wants a little information."

"Indeed!" said Brown, with an air of astonishment.

"Yes, an' if I don't get my information, I don't think you'll get any—or at least not out of me," replied Bill, doggedly.

"What is it you wish to know?" asked Brown.

"In the first place, the name of the child; in the second place, the names of her father and mother," responded the rough.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A STORY OF THE PAST.

For a moment Brown did not reply to this rather insulting demand. He seemed to be thinking the matter over. At last he spoke:

"Though I question your right to ask this, yet I will answer you. I do not know the name of the child, nor the name of its father!"

"What?" cried Bill, in astonishment, while Cranston, the detective, laughed in his sleeve, and mentally pronounced Mr. Brown to be fully a match for the grasping rough.

"The child is the child of shame," continued Brown, coldly; "its father never owned it, and its mother died on the very night that the child was lost."

"Why are you so anxious 'bout the affair, then?" asked Bill, considerably disappointed.

"For twenty-five dollars I'll tell you all I know about it," said the rough.

"Can I trust you?" asked Brown, looking at him searching.

"Oh, then the child ain't a heir?"

"No."

"I spose you wouldn't give a hundred dollars for the child?" said Bill.

"No."

"Well, that settles the matter," and Bill looked decidedly disappointed.

"Will you give me the information?"

"For twenty-five dollars I'll tell you all I know about it," said the rough.

"Can I trust you?" asked Brown, looking at him searching.

"Just you ask Dick Cranston!" said Bill, indignantly, pointing to the detective.

Cranston looked at the speaker, and thought to himself that he shouldn't like to have this mysterious Mr. Brown for a foe.

In detailing these events, we have gone back a little in our story, as this interview took place in the forenoon, while the adventures of the "Marquis," on the pier that we have previously detailed, happened in the night of the same day. Having filled up the slight gap in our narrative, we will return to the "Marquis," and explain how he had escaped death, when he sought refuge from the assault of the roughs in the waters of the East river, for the "Marquis" had escaped.

Catterton knew fully what he was about when he leaped into the river. He was a capital swimmer, and upon striking the water, he let the tide carry him to where it swept in a little eddy around the corner of the pier. Once around the corner and in under the pier, holding on to one of the piles that supported it, he was fully concealed from sight and could hear the roughs above him debating as to his fate.

He heard them plainly when they retired from the pier. Then he left his hiding-place and swam gently along the side of the dock till he came to where a little flight of wooden steps led down into the water. These he mounted carefully, not knowing but that some one of the roughs might be still lurking in the neighborhood.

With the water dripping from his garments in little rivulets, the "Marquis" stepped from the stairway upon the pier.

A man came toward him from out of the gloom of the night.

"Discovered, by Jove!" cried Catterton, between his teeth.

The man came straight to him, and to the delight of the "Marquis" he discovered that the stranger was Jim, his old friend.

"Hare you hall right?" asked Jim, eagerly.

"Yes, thanks to the water!" replied the "Marquis."

"I saw them blasted roughs make a rush for you, but I knew that if you wanted me, why you'd call; so I just stole quietly behind 'em. I heard the splash when you jumped into the water. I knew that you could swim like a duck and that you were hall right. So I've just been scouting 'round 'em for to 'elp you when you came up, you know."

"It was a trap, Jim, as I feared," said Catterton.

"Hand you're no wiser than you were before?"

"No, except that now I am sure that Iola is in the hands of this ruffian. I'll see a detective to-morrow and hunt 'em down," said Catterton, earnestly.

"Hand now, we'd better go 'ome. You're hall wet," said Jim.

"Yes, for I can do nothing to-night."

So the "Marquis" and Jim proceeded at once to the room of the former on Broadway.

They reached the room about ten o'clock.

When the "Marquis" lighted the gas, Jim saw a letter on the floor that had evidently been pushed in under the door. He picked it up and saw that it was directed to Daniel Catterton.

"Ere's a letter for you, 'Marquis,'" said Jim.

Catterton was busy getting into dry clothes.

"I'll look at it in a moment," he said.

When Catterton had finished dressing, he opened the letter. It was from Loyal Tremaine—Catterton had given Tremaine his address the morning he had received the check from him—and it contained an urgent request that he—Catterton—should call upon the writer the moment he received the message, even if it were at midnight.

"It was a trap, Jim, as I feared," said Catterton.

"What the deuce can 'e want, you know?" said Jim, in astonishment.

"I can hardly guess," returned Catterton, evasively.

"Perhaps 'e wants the thousand back?" suggested Jim.

"No, I do not think that is likely," replied the "Marquis," with quite a cloud upon his brow. "But I will go at once and see what he does want. Remain here, Jim, until I return."

about how every thing is situated by looking us through and through all day."

Then she thought of the sweeping to be done before tea-time—no matter if there was murder to be done that night. Having got the broom she proceeded to sweep, and continued her soliloquy at the same time.

"Oh, my, why didn't I think of it before?—there's Dorothy Ann coming with those eggs to-night. She'll be glad enough to stay with me all night; so if I'm murdered she can be a witness," and Betty was so thankful for this timely visit of Dorothy Ann's that she finished her sweeping with a lightened heart.

She had hardly done so when a knock came to her door, and with her heart up in her mouth (she had looked at the "burglar's" window and found it deserted) and the broomstick ready to strike, she exclaimed, faintly:

"Come in!"

Much to her relief Dorothy Ann and a basket of eggs made their appearance. In answer to her visitor's "good-afternoon" she merely motioned her to a seat—the revulsion of feeling chaining her tongue.

After awhile she managed to ask Dorothy Ann if she would stay all night—and only too glad, the latter announced her acceptance of the invitation, by taking off her hood, as she had often done before.

Then Betty proceeded to tell her story, by way of letting Dorothy Ann know what she might expect before morning.

Though a little shocked, the phlegmatic Dorothy Ann finished taking off her things, thereby giving her consent to stay.

It was now late in the afternoon, so they commenced preparations for an early tea, and when they had finished they commenced their meal.

I suppose, by this time, my reader has a poor opinion of my heroine. Let me hasten to undeceive you.

She was not, as you may suppose, a tall, sallow-complexioned, long-nosed and vinegar-tempered woman. On the contrary, she was short and stout, with dark-brown hair and blue eyes, (both faded, to be sure, but there nevertheless), and a benevolent way about her, as many of the poor villagers could testify. As to her age, she was only thirty-two—very old no doubt to your romantic school-girl, but not so old after all.

Of course she had her enemies, though for that matter they amounted to but a few envious old maids—for Milton had more than its share in that respect.

As to her talking to Tom, I can only say that to her solitary life and woman's natural love of tongue, no matter to whom addressed ed!

I, who am her biographer, could tell you of her love affair—long ago. She had her dreams, as all of us have, or will have, though few, if any, in the village suspected that she had loved and suffered. A few stray trinkets, and the secret in her heart, alone remained—that was all.

Meanwhile the lady whom I have been trying to redeem in your eyes, has eaten her supper, and of course the few dishes must be washed.

It is growing dark fast, and pushing the table toward the window—for the double purpose of watching the "city burglar" (every one from the city is a burglar you know!) and catching the falling light—Betty and Dorothy Ann finished their work.

I shouldn't wonder, but he's forgot his supper, Dorothy Ann. They do, you know, when they've got a case on hand," and Betty washed the dishes with a knowing look.

Dorothy Ann said nothing to this revelation, only she wished in her heart that she hadn't come. It is not the most comfortable thing in the world, as you might guess, this "waiting for the slaughter!"

At any rate Dorothy Ann declared, as the night came down dark and threatening, that she "felt awful nervous like." As for Betty she said:

"I wouldn't have bothered you to stay, Dorothy Ann, only I don't want to be murdered without a witness. But perhaps it won't be as bad as that—for of course we'll only be in the way if we resist, which I don't intend to do. He's welcome to all my valuables, if he'd only leave us alone."

So the night grew on, until their usual bed-time. Still they sat and talked.

"He'll most likely come through the back-window, Dorothy Ann, and it won't be any harm you know to put a light there. Perhaps it might be the means of keeping him away," and filled with this new idea she took the lamp off the table and put it in the window.

"Wonder I hadn't thought of it before; but, Lor', don't go to sleep, Dorothy Ann, and leave me to watch alone." Betty vigorously shook her companion's drooping figure.

"Lor', Miss Betty, they hasn't come, them 'ere burglars, has they?" and Dorothy asked this question with a bewildered stare.

"Not just yet, but we may expect them any minute now," and Betty looked at the old-fashioned clock in the corner. It was the hour when

Churchyards yawn, and all the graves give up their dead.

Involuntarily Betty repeated these lines, and shivered as she did so.

Thus the night slowly passed, Dorothy Ann taking quite a comfortable nap between each of the wakeful Betty's nudes. At last morning broke, still no murder had been done. Instead, the rising sun looked in upon two haggard-looking females, one of whom was the least little bit disappointed.

"But he'll come to-night, sure, Dorothy Ann, for he'll be bolder. How fortunate that I put the light in the window—of course that did all the good in the world," and fully conscious of having performed a great feat in the way of strategy, Betty proceeded, with Dorothy Ann's help, to get breakfast.

After breakfast Betty went to the window, for the first time, and was not at all disappointed in seeing the "burglar" there.

"Just as I expected, Dorothy Ann—he's

in for another day, as sure as you live,"

and she gave a harsh look across the road,

to where the "burglar" sat. Unfortunately he was too far away to notice it at all, and thinking of this the next minute she retreated to her seat.

At about nine o'clock her watching was rewarded by seeing Samanth Green—the most bitter old maid in the village, and one of Betty's warmest enemies—enter, the Mains' house.

"Well, if there ain't Samanth going in, Dorothy Ann. She'd be willing to put up with even a city burglar, she's so desperate," and Betty said this with your true womanly spite—you will observe that my heroine is not perfect—as she moved toward the window. Then a brilliant idea entered her brain, she said:

"By the way, Dorothy Ann, I promised to take Mrs. Mains some butter this morning, and why go now? I'll have a chance besides to see what she's after, and to let the burglar know we can fathom his design—we ain't green if we are country folks," and with this last observation, Betty put on her hood, and going into the store-room, returned the next minute with a tin pail filled with butter.

"I'll only be gone a minute, Dorothy Ann, so don't be alarmed," she said, as she went through the little hall. Then the next minute, she reached the road and prepared to cross.

Looking up, at the window she saw a canopy,

"I might have known he'd fly—a guilty conscience needs no accusing. But he can't be gone out of the house, so I'll hunt him up," and with this determination she proceeded to mount the front stoop.

As she did so, a man's form suddenly darted from the door toward her. She looked up.

"Betty!"

"George!"

And in these exclamations two old lovers recognized each other. Then Betty remembered that they were out on the road, with Samanth Green, no doubt looking at her. So gently unclasping the hand around her waist, she made for her own house, followed by her companion.

They found Dorothy Ann awaiting, and Betty, in her happiness, would have given a few words of explanation, but with a woman's tact, Dorothy Ann had guessed the state of affairs, so she went up stairs.

Then the lovers found themselves alone, and of course explanations ensued on both sides.

Of course George Ellis was the hero of Betty's love affair, which you wot of.

It was the same old story of youthful lovers and objecting father. George was poor, and consequently Squire Martin, who had higher ideas for his daughter, gave a stern "No" to his request for his daughter's hand.

Then George had gone off "to seek his fortune" as your lover is apt to do when he is poor, and earnest in his resolves, and when the heart left behind him promises to be true to him forever.

Then in the natural course of events, the old squire died, leaving Betty with less money than he had hoped to.

Soon afterward she had moved to her present home—meanwhile not a word had she heard from George.

As for him, he had been searching diligently for her and he was rewarded at last.

After all had been explained, they looked full at each other, and—spite the fact that they were past being called "young lovers"—they looked handsome.

George had gone away a beardless youth, and now came back a bronzed and black-bearded—in the glory of real manhood.

As for Betty, love-light shone in her eyes, and her cheeks were red. George declaring she looked more beautiful than ever.

After all, love is a great rejuvenator, and looking at Betty now, one would have judged her to be at least ten years younger than she was.

And the sequel to all this was a private wedding, which set the whole village agog with talking—though they never guessed this was the happiness that came "After Many Years."

"Not just yet, but we may expect them any minute now," and Betty looked at the old-fashioned clock in the corner. It was the hour when

Churchyards yawn, and all the graves give up their dead.

And graves give up their dead.

Involuntarily Betty repeated these lines, and shivered as she did so.

Thus the night slowly passed, Dorothy Ann taking quite a comfortable nap between each of the wakeful Betty's nudes.

At last morning broke, still no murder had been done. Instead, the rising sun looked in upon two haggard-looking females, one of whom was the least little bit disappointed.

She was dusting the stiff-backed furniture with a worn duster—we were not "rich," in a popular sense of the word—

she had arranged the gilded toys, said to have been hereditary Christmas gifts for years innumerable, and comprising sober-looking dogs, frisky-appearing lambs, a China cup, which said, "Remember, the giver," with accompanying saucer, and many others, upon the mantel-piece in a manner most flattering to her taste; she placed early flowers in a vase upon the stand, had hung the canary—pardon, June, the cage—under the leafless but budding maple, and, in fine, sister had thrown out many proofs to me that spring had come, and that a visitor was expected.

Perhaps I would not have been aware of the existence of the above-named season, but for the manipulations of my sister, so far had drifted and tossed my soul upon the treacherous bilges of love.

If I appeared sad that morning, I do not wonder at it now; it is natural for a youth to feel mournful when it seems he loves in vain, and I extended that passion with no heart-bounding effect, I am perfectly confident.

But I am laying no foundation for my story; a poor builder am I.

Some villages have pretty names which suggest tall, umbrageous trees; cool, delightful walks; neat, pleasant homes; quiet, happy, peaceful life; always that indescribable Sunday stillness and sweetness; forever an influence of an earthly heaven, and so on; but the appellation of our home was neither euphonious, nor suggestive of pleasant things.

Roughton, if any thing, aided the imagination in picturing, a little dusty, dirty town, full of mischievous and saucy urchins; overrunning with dogs and cows; rife with joking, whittling loafers, and far from abounding with bright-eyed and rose-flushed maidens.

Roughton, to desert fancies and to approach facts, really could boast of a half dozen sweet-faced girls. These were not all sufficiently beautiful to become the heroines of novels, yet there was one whom I believed the angels above could not have surpassed in grace, purity and amiability.

Genie Merle, who lived upon a hill overlooking Roughton, in a mansion which dazzled the villagers' covetous gaze, and caused me to regard my father's house as a mere hotel, was the object of my love.

Not my first love. No; young as I was, I had felt the power before.

Mary Hall, whose home was no better than my own, once returned a tender feeling I had offered her; there was happiness between us then; but, Miss Merle came, I saw her, loyed her, and—with shame I confess it—deserted her; nor I had promised to protect.

Genie, though a queen among the others, mingled with the Roughton maidens to the surprise of myself, and to that of persons equally foolish.

She often came to see June, very often; but her visits were no more frequent than sister's were to her home of splendor.

The friendship that sprang up between the two struck me favorably; June would and could now assist me.

Now I am back again to the starting-point.

"June!" I exclaimed, as she gave a finishing touch to a chair which had quietly submitted to her thrashing for some time.

"Well—why, Frank! how you frightened me!" Be careful out there or you'll crush my flowers. They are under your feet."

This she said, turning upon me, with a blush that made it evident that some one, in nowise related to me, was upon her mind.

I leaned far in the window, and said,

"Now I am back again to the starting-point.

"June!" I exclaimed, as she gave a finishing touch to a chair which had quietly submitted to her thrashing for some time.

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Saturday Journal

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ALBERT W. AIKEN'S NEW STORY!

We are highly gratified in being able to announce that we have concluded a negotiation with Mr. Albert W. Aiken, the popular author of the "Ace of Spades," "Witches of New York," etc., and that in future he will write exclusively for the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

Mr. Aiken has already won a name second to no author in America in the field of Popular Romance, and each new product of his powerful pen strengthens his hold upon the reading public.

In our next issue we shall give the first chapters of a new romance of New York city life—pronounced by Mr. Aiken to be the best story he has ever written—entitled:

THE SCARLET HAND; OR,
The Orphan Heiress of Fifth Avenue.

A STORY OF NEW YORK HEARTS AND HOMES.

This production, with its peculiarly constructed and very interesting plot—which we are confident will puzzle the oldest novel reader to guess—will create a sensation. Its odd descriptions of New York scenes and characters—introducing the Fifth avenue belle; the sewing-girl of Rivington street; the old wreath of the Five Points; the Tomb; the banker; the Baxter street shoulder-blister; Jane, lastly, the hero of the romance, who, apparently without reason, stains his hands scarlet in blood—all are delineated with that power and spirit which show how well the author has mastered the daily lessons of the streets of New York. These are but a few of the characters that figure in this great romance, which we feel sure, will add another leaf to the writer's laurel crown, and undoubtedly it will prove to be the most popular story that has yet been given in the

MODEL STORY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Contributors and Correspondents:

NOTE FOR CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Manuscripts are almost daily brought in by the mail-carrier, upon which are marked "Due 6c." "Due 10c." "Due 20c."—which we are constrained to refuse to receive.

The manuscripts of publications in many cases, owing to a misapprehension of the law, Manuscripts are entitled to "Book Rates," viz., two cents for each four ounces or fraction thereof—only when the package is marked "Book MS." and is remitted in a wrapper open at one or both ends. Nor must the inclosure contain a line of any thing but the MS. proper. A note to publisher or editor subjects the whole to full "Letter Rates," viz: three cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof. The same is the case where the manuscript is remitted in a close envelope, even though the same be marked "Book MS."

Correspondents will therefore bear in mind, 1st. That we receive no manuscripts unless which postage is due.

2d. That, to be entitled to "Book Rates," all packages must be inclosed in wrappers, with ends open.

3d. Such inclosure must contain no correspondence whatever.

4th. All communications for editors or publishers, other than manuscripts for the press, must be prepaid at full letter rates.

Will try and find place for "CHEEK?"—The ROBER LOVER? we can not use, and return the MS.—The IMPRISONED HUNTER? evidently is transcribed from some book.—ENOS CARPENTER'S LETTERS? we do not care to introduce to our columns. It requires something besides bad spelling to render such contributions readable.

Will try and use J. G. M.'s "HINTS TO WRITERS," with some necessary modifications. Such papers ought to be very good, to merit use.

Essay "GRASP IT TIGHT!" is much too silly digested and crude for use. No stamps.

Poems, by L. E., viz: "THE FRIEND THAT'S TRUE," "COUNTRY LIFE," we can not use. No stamps. MS. destroyed. Dido, poems by L. E. and H. F. P.

The last, "OLD MAN'S REVENGE," is much too impudent as a composition to be of avail. The incident, too, is treated in a melodramatic manner, that would not sound well in print. No stamps. MS. not preserved.

H. H. W. of Newark writes with fine promise. If he is but seventeen years of age, and will earnestly devote himself to storing his mind with the fit things of written lore, he can not fail of success. We give this from his hand.

MARIOLA.

Her wavy hair as dark as night,

Fell over her shoulders pure and white,

And in those eyes, bright, clear and deep,

There dwells a passion now asleep;

And on her cheek a rose has crept;

I see her with happiness, looking through;

Full were her eyes of tenderness;

Her lips a scarlet vain would press.

Sweetest than content holds at even,

The rose, the twin, gently open'd.

Was the sweet rose, this maiden,

Soft as their death when once she spake;

A soul within of angel's birth,

Like first of heaven's born on earth,

Up from the world of wretchedness;

This bright-eyed maiden, sweet wood,

This is a sweet picture. His "OLD ABBEY" we will try and drop into some quiet corner of the paper.

The poem, "WE PARTED YESTERDAY," is charming. We will use it upon proper assurance from the author of its originality. If it is original with Miss L. we will be glad to hear from her again.

Can we use "MAN WITH BIG HEAD," and return the same?

Would use the poems by Miss E. M. C., but do not pay for matter of that nature. MS. returned.

Robert St. C., it is evident from his note to us, is quite unskilled in composition and deficient in the education requisite for those who aim for success in letters.

Washington Whitehorn.

everybody else went off home, and Fourth of July went to bed.

It is strange that for a while beforehand we say, "Come Fourth," but during the day we are apt to tell it to go forth.

Yours, and so forth,

Washington Whitehorn.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

1. THINK over what you intend to write about before you sit down, and then don't dash ahead, as if you thought your ideas were as smart as your pen, but take it calmly, and strike out half what you write, though you may feel regret in doing it.

2. For the first two years, in which you think yourself a *poeta natus*, do not seek for publicity, but write to improve by practice and comparison of your own work with that of those who have won an honest fame.

If you still think you are a poet when the third year of your novitiate dawns upon you, try the press—not in egotism, but in the earnest desire to test your faculties by trial.

If you hear a stranger pronounce a poem or piece of yours good, or get it into a newspaper or magazine, and see it widely quoted, then go on and prosper.

3. Write your first copy of prose or verse on wide-ruled paper, so that you may change or interline at pleasure. Then copy this again on wide lines, for even a second revision will add to it some good quality. A third copy send to the chosen paper or magazine.

4. Be modest; speak not of what your infant pen can do; be not your own trumpeter. If you deserve praise, you may be sure you will get it; if you do not deserve, and fail to get it, don't court it by drumming into the ears of others your imagined excellencies.

5. On the other hand, do not go too far the other way. Do not pretend you think nothing of that which receives the praise of others; for, by doing so, you say what you do not think and the way in which you say it, appearing unnatural to a friend, will damage your own interests, and only lower your character for candor.

6. Be your own critic, and before you ask the opinion of another on what you write, ask of yourself, "What is my own candid opinion?" If your is unfavorable, much more so, though honeyed over, will be that of another.

EXCELSIOR.

A CROWD IS NOT COMPANY.

The matinee was over, and I stepped into a horse-car, at the same time as did a weary-looking woman loaded down with work, which she was probably carrying to some shop. As I entered I found the car to be completely filled on both sides, but a young man, who was doubtless a good customer of a perfumery store, (by the odor of his natty, pocket-handkerchief, which was just enough out of his pocket to allow every one to know that he possessed such a thing) got up and offered me his seat. I was about to take it, when I looked at the careworn features and tired appearance of my companion, and told her to take the seat.

You ought to have seen the look of thankfulness the poor woman gave me, and the appearance of indignation that settled on the young man's countenance! He was real mad. I don't care if I wasn't polite. I couldn't have eaten a bit of supper or slept a wink all night if I had let that poor woman stand. She would have been my nightmare! I don't tell you this incident to have you say "Lottie wins to be happy," because Lottie don't. She did as she would be done by, I guess when I am old I shall want to be treated in the same way.

As I gazed round that car and saw the Miss who was on her way home from dancing-school, tuck her skirts around her as though she were afraid of being contaminated by too close proximity with the poor woman, I said to myself, "A crowd is not company, and that put Lottie in a meditative mood, and she remembered what

crowds of people there were in this world, but *how little company*." When Mrs. Dashaway has a party she thinks of her guests as "company," but they are not—they are simply a crowd. While she is conversing with one of her guests, and that guest is saying to her, "My dear Mrs. Dashaway, how charming you are looking this evening, how exquisitely your dress sets, and what a fine color you have," ten to one, behind her back she will say, "What a dowl!" The idea of a woman at her age wearing a low-necked dress! I wonder how much her rouge costs her? I don't say she *really* does express her sentiments in this manner; I only remark that it is ten to one she does.

I remember when I was a youngster I was to have a party in the back-yard, and for two days I could not rest easy at the anticipation of the fine time I expected I should have. I remember as if it were but yesterday who was there. Suzy Bowers, Meta Jones, Nettie Newhall and Molly Canavan.

The *Revolution* was in a good many heads, and the spirit of '76 was nothing to the spirits of '02, as evinced in some countrymen from the country.The *Revolution* was in a good many heads,

and the spirit of '76 was nothing to the

spirits of '02, as evinced in some countrymen from the country.

One o'clock. Went home, glad that the

Fourth of July had come, and that it was

nearly over; and spent the afternoon

thinking how depopulating it would be if

it came twice a week.

Eight o'clock. Went to the fireworks. First rocket took Jimmy O'Keefe's hair off.

The next perforated a millinery window opposite, and raised a stir in the window market,

and some things went up. The next rocket went in the third story opposite,

but they put it out with a bucket of water.

The balance went off in the box. I lit a Roman candle, and began to shake it, when it went off the wrong way—inside of my coat sleeve. Seventeen turpentine balls went off in the crowd, the cannon went off before they got the ramrod out, and

I say to myself: "Oh the mud-pies of my childhood!

Have I vanished one by one,

And I must hurry home to see

If my mice-pies are done.

My party was not a triumph, because Suzy Bowers got mad because I had invited Molly Canavan, whose mother did

washing for a living, and the poor child's only bright days were the ones on which she came over to my house to help make mud-pies.

Suzy wouldn't speak to Molly, and Molly cried because she was treated so, and when I took Molly's part I made an enemy of all the rest of the girls, who went home mad. I took up a mud-pie and threw it after them, but it fell short of the mark, and I had one less dirtied dress to be made accountable for. It wasn't ladylike in me, I know, but I didn't have the temper of an angel, and cast my eyes heavenward and let people keep me under their thumb.

Whatever saintlike character I may have

I have become imbued with since: that wasn't the nature of Lottie in younger days before she wore long dresses and—was courted.

Do things after we grow up?—We

can't throw mud-pies at people when we

get provoked, but don't we want to all the same? Don't our fingers itch to stoop down and fling mud-pies at that detestable Miss Smith for daring to dress with more taste than we can?

And when we can't do this, don't we

have a less clean missile to fire—don't we

say, "Well, I could tell things about Miss Brown?" of east inns concerning Mr. Jones' late house? Yes, we do, and we spank our youngsters for harboring ill feelings when we set them the example. We

listen to long sermons from the text, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," and we go home and backbite those who sit in the next pew to ours!

Certainly if we wish to be scandalized, then we are truly doing as we would be done by. I am often in that frail craft myself. Yes, I am. I have come home from church and remarked about Mr. So-and-so's talking in sermon time. Now, if I had been attending to the sermon myself how should I have known any thing about Mr. So-and-so's conduct? I am not going to do so any more, at least I am going to try not to.

Do you believe an editor considers all his subscribers *company*? Suppose you had charge of a periodical, and had half of the people saying, "I don't like this," and "I don't like that," and the other half clamoring, "Stop my paper," just because there was a story running in its columns with the villain's name Jones, and the half of your "paper-takers" had that cognomen, would you say that they were "pleasant company"? I reckon not. You'd say, "Heaven preserve me from such a crowd."

At least so would say

LOTTE THORNE.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

This art of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from common things! If we pick out expectations high; if we are arrogant in our pretensions; if we will not be happy except when our self-love is gratified, our pride stimulated, our vanity fed, or a fierce excitement kindled, then we shall have but little satisfaction out of this life!

The whole globe is a theater. One

can not open his eyes without seeing unconscious players.

There are Othellos, and Hamlets, and Leaks, and Falstaffs, Ophelias, Rosalinds and Julietts, all about us.

Midnight dreams are performing in our

heavens. Happy? A walk up and down

Fulton street in Brooklyn is as good as a

play. The children, the nurses, the maidens,

the mothers, the wealthy, the everybody,

the queer men, the unconscious buffoons,

the drolls, the earnest nonsense, and the

whimsical earnestness of men, the shop-

windows, the cars, the horses, the carriages

—bless us, there is not half time enough

to enjoy all that is to be seen in these

things! Or, if the mood takes you, go in

and talk with the people—choosing, of

course, fitting times and seasons. Be

cheerful yourself, and good-natured, and respect-

ful, and every man has a secret for you

worth knowing. There is a school

"Yes, she was beautiful," said the old man, with a deep sigh.

"Who was she?" The doctor judged from the tone of the old man, as well as from his words, that the original of the picture no longer existed.

"My wife," replied the old man, sadly.

"Your wife?" The doctor started in astonishment.

"Yes," said the old man. "I will tell you something of my life, if you care to hear it."

"I shall listen with attention," said the doctor, who felt a strange curiosity to know something of the original of the picture.

"Listen, and you will hear a strange story." Then, after a moment's pause, as if to collect his thoughts, the rag-picker began:

"I was born in France, but came to this country when quite a lad with my father. I had a brother, a few years younger than myself. My father established himself as an importer, in New York. At his death my brother and myself took the business, and carried it on as equal partners."

"One day, through a friend, I was introduced to the original of this picture. She was called Corrella Egbert. She was only a poor girl—a music-teacher—but she was as beautiful as one of heaven's angels. The moment I saw her, I loved her. It was a passion that came as sudden as the flash of the lightning, and burnt with a heat as intense."

"She soon saw that I loved her, for I could no more control my passion in her presence than I could hold a live coal in my hand, and not feel the heat."

"At last I seized a favorable opportunity, and confessed my passion. Judge of my joy when timidly, she said that she was not indifferent to me—that she returned my love."

"Soon we were married, for I longed for the day when I could hold her to my heart and know that she was mine forever, and I urged forward the consummation of my happiness with all possible speed."

"For some six months I lived in a dream of bliss. My wife was all that a girl could be; she seemed to love me even more than I did her. At the end of the six months, important business called me to France. I could not delegate it to another. It needed my personal attention. At first I resolved that Corrella should accompany me, but she feared the dangers of the ocean. So I went alone, intrusting my wife to the care of my brother. I expected to be absent some two months. But on arriving in Paris, I got through the business with expedition and returned home at once. I was absent but five weeks all told. My arrival home, of course, was unexpected. I pictured to myself the joy of my wife when she should behold the husband whom she fancied a stormy ocean separated from her."

"I went to my home at once. It was night when I arrived there. I let myself in with my latch-key, intending to give my wife a joyful surprise."

"As I stood in the darkened entry—the gas had not been lighted for some reason—I heard the sound of voices in the parlor. I recognized the voice of my Corrella, then the voice of my brother. A single sentence that fell upon my ear made me anxious to hear more. I knew that from the back-parlor I could hear all that passed in the front one. Noiselessly I entered the room. I could hear the conversation plainly. Oh! the agony of the moment when the truth broke upon my mind!"

"The wife that I loved so well was false to me! I heard her say that she had married me solely for the money I possessed; that she had bartered herself body and soul, for gold; that she had never loved me, and felt that she could never love me; that she would rather hold a snake within her arms than be clasped in mine; that my kisses were poison to her lips, and that she would rather die than live again the life of deception that she had lived. I grew twenty years older in those few short minutes. And who thinks you was the man that she did love?"

"It was my own brother! Then I overheard them plan to fly together to some distant land before my return, so that they might enjoy their love in peace. I could hear no more, but, with the demon of jealousy tugging at my heart-strings, I sprang into the room."

"My wife, with a shriek of terror, and pallid as a corpse, shrank from me. A knife was in my hand—another moment, and I should have been a murderer; the blood of my brother, and, perhaps, that of the false wife, would have stained the steel; but Heaven saved me from the commission of a crime. As I raised my hand to strike, my senses failed me all, became dark before my eyes. I fell, fainting to the floor."

"When I awoke from my swoon I was in a mad-house. I was a raging lunatic. I spoke but one word alone: 'Mort!—death!' still clung, even in my madness, for the death of those that had injured me."

"Long years passed before my reason came to me. I left the asylum. I searched the city through, but could find no trace of my wife that I once loved so well, or of the brother who had so cruelly betrayed me."

"Friendless and alone, I adopted my present calling. I retained the name given me in the asylum, and so all know me as Mort, the rag-picker. Now you know the story of the picture."

"But did you never discover any trace of your wife or brother?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," answered the dying man, speaking with a great effort. "One cold winter's night I saw a woman, wretchedly clad, huddled up in a doorway. I knew that she would freeze to death if she remained there. I awoke her, and in the blotted and disfigured features of the wretched creature I recognized the once lovely Corrella. She did not recognize me. I paid for a lodgment for her that night, and drew from her the history of her life. She and my brother had fled together, but the vengeance of the Heaven whose laws they had outraged followed them. By flight they escaped earthly vengeance, but not the wrath of the great unseen Power that dwelt above. To drown remorse my brother became a drunkard, and finally died by a knife-stab in a low saloon quarrel."

"After his death, Corrella, without a protector, followed the path of sin that leads only to a shameful death. The beauty faded from her face, the bright blue eye grew dull and wicked. Sin destroys beauty. And on the night when I met her, disease had laid its icy fingers upon her life. Exposure and want had done its work. She died in my arms, and with her last breath she called upon the husband that had once loved her so well to forgive the wrong she had done her. She little guessed that the hand that wiped the damp dews of death from her forehead was the hand of that husband. I freely forgave her all. She had been fully punished for her crime."

The voice of the old man faltered, but with a great effort, he rallied and spoke again:

"You will find my little store of money under my pillow—bury me decently—on my headstone—three words—*peace at last*."

The lips of the old man moved convulsively—a single gasp, and Mort, the rag-picker, had gone to his long home. He had found *peace at last*."

The Knight's Peril.

BY C. D. CLARK.

THE sun's rays were darted back from glittering helmet and glaive, from high turban and flashing sword, gleaming battle-ax and dagger, upon a hard-fought field in Palestine. Solymon had met the Crusaders and been rolled back before them, and now Richard the Lion-hearted and his gallant band laid siege to Acre. A strange band had the great king led from far-off England, to do battle for the holy sepulcher.

The siege had been protracted many days, and foremost in the ranks of the Crusaders fought a young Saxon of the blood of Hengist, whose name was Edward Turnham. Strong-framed and tall, with regal Saxon head, light curling brown hair, and deep-blue eyes, he well deserved his reputation as the handsomest knight who fought under the banner of Richard.

Sir Edward commanded in one of the trenches outside the wall, at a spot more exposed to assault than others. The battle over, he rested in his tent until nightfall, when a murmur rose without which deepened and swelled until he could make out the words, "Long live Richard! live the lion-hearted, our brave king!" Sir Edward sprang up just as the sentry challenged, and received the word in a firm voice. Then the curtain of the tent was lifted, and the form which could not be mistaken for any other in that army stood in the doorway. Richard of the Lion Heart was then in the still air of evening. The Holy Land, the land our Savior loved so well, was the prize for which they fought. At length the king, Edward, and a single knight of the Hospital, fought alone. The bill-men and archers were gone, and these three, back to back, surrounded on every side by the Paynim host, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as they might. The ax of Richard was broken, but he had wrenched another from the hand of a fallen Saracen, and with it continued the fray. Edward had thrown aside his heavy sword, using a small battle-ax and shield, with which he strove more to cover the body of the king than his own. His self-devotion cost him dear, for a Saracen darted in with a javelin and pierced him in the side, and he fell, bathed in his own blood. The Saracens made a new rush, and the king and his single companion were forced back several paces from the body of their fallen companion.

But their stubborn resistance had given

turn again with that bull-dog courage which seems a part of the English nature. Where that ax fell, it was death. Cloves to the chine, through plate and mail, they fell on every side. But even his tremendous valor could not suffice to bear back the tide of the Saracens, who swarmed about him like bees, striking at him from every side. The king was well known, and a dozen blows at once were showered upon him, but his address and skill kept them off his body. But he began to despair, when suddenly a strong arm seconded him, and he knew that Edward Turnham was at his side.

"St. Hubert!" shouted the Saxon. Turnham for King Richard! Up, to the rescue! Bill-men, archers, to the front!"

With every blow an enemy fell under the sweep of his two-handed blade. The archers and bill-men, who were a portion of Edward's own company, hearing the voice of their trusted leader, fought with desperate valor, and the Saracens gave back a little. The English camp was now aroused, and the knights were arming themselves hastily. Two or three, more forward than the rest, joined the king and Sir Edward, and, with the monarch in the center, beat back the Saracens again and again. The sandy earth on which they stood was red with blood.

One by one the bill-men and archers dropped before the furious charge of the flower of the Saracen chivalry. "Allah il Allah!" "A Turnham!" "Plantagenet!" and various barbarian war-cries rang through the still air of evening. The Holy Land, the land our Savior loved so well, was the prize for which they fought.

The Saracen stroked his beard with the air of a man who could afford to wait, and turned to the lady.

"Thou seest, Zulema, what fools these

Christians are. I would have been friendly with this young Frank, would have raised him to high state, but he is like the dog that would spoil his own food."

"Let me entreat you," said the young

lady in a sweet voice, "to remember that he is but young, and knows not what he says."

"Peace, Zulema. Let the Frank be led back to his dungeon, and at daybreak let him be hung in chains outside the battlements, that these Frankish dogs may learn what to expect from the followers of Allah."

The lady had half risen from her seat and raised her veil partly, but the Saracen, with an angry cry, pulled it down. Sir Edward saw the motion and understood it.

"I thank thee, lady. Whatever may be the fate of poor Edward Turnham, this shall be remembered in thy dying hour."

Their room, all the words lent a swiftness to his feet, and a lightness to his eyes.

Daring little Ida, with her graceful ways,

her modest demeanor, her *pliante* loveliness, would ornament a king's palace, much less his unworthy home. And a very palace of love, at least, he resolved to make it, where discord should never come; where love and joy should reign, and he himself be her devoted husband-lover.

He seemed, as he walked along, as if he trod on air, so elastic were his spirits, and he almost feared that his anticipations were not to be realized; but he smiled away the foreboding as he pictured to himself the scene at the cottage. He knew that Ida's graceful form would come to the door to welcome him, and he could see the downcast happiness in her dark eyes; he imagined he heard the sweet melody of her voice, and the silvery laugh that so often floated from her carnation lips.

He lived over the scene he knew would be so true, so lifelike, when he took her little brown hand in his and told her she was bride of his heart—she the one for whom he asked her intercession; and then how beautifully her eyes would gaze upon him when he placed the engagement ring on her finger.

He reached the gate, at whose base the luxuriant grass was unrooted. It was very quiet, and he glanced up to the fringed white dimity curtains at the windows of her room, whither he had often caught her peeping.

The curtains were falling before the glass, and down-stairs the shutters were closed.

No sound broke the deep stillness as he walked up the narrow path, and rapped on the closed door.

No one answered his summons, and with a vague apprehension of horror that Ida was ill, he went by the well-trodden grass-grown walk to the back door.

On the porch sat Mr. Tressel, sleeping soundly, his red bandana handkerchief thrown over his face.

He trod softly so as not to awaken him, and entered the neat little kitchen.

There was black Hetty, her work all done, her large old-fashioned Bible spread on a clean white handkerchief, over her plain linsey dress.

Her spectacles were off, lying across the open page. Her eyes were bent on the floor, and her hands clasped meekly together. Her attitude plainly denoted extreme depression of spirits.

He spoke gently, that he might not startle her, but at the sound of his voice she arose to her feet, and curtseyed respectfully.

"I will see your mistress, Hetty. Shall I find her in the sitting-room or parlor? Never mind. I'll go in myself."

He stepped over the threshold, not pausing to glance at her again, but at sound of her voice he turned toward her.

"Miss Ida ain't in, sir. Miss Ida's out,

Her very comprehensive explanation brought a deep shade of disappointment to his brow.

"Out, Hetty? That is unfortunate. I wished particularly to see her. Will she be in soon? or stay, tell me which way she has gone, and I'll continue my walk and come back with her."

A spasm of pain crossed the old woman's face, and she turned her head away to hide the fast-dropping tears.

"She'll be gone all night, sir. I'm a thinking. You had better come in and rest you a bit."

But he started for the door.

"You said she had gone—which way?"

A moan of pain issued from Hetty's lips, but she bravely hid her emotion.

"I promised I'd not tell him—and I won't,"

she murmured to herself, then added aloud:

"She went to Mr. Joyce's."

He started immediately, with a kindly nod to the negress, who watched him with streaming eyes.

"Poor lamb! poor lamb! oh, Miss Ida—dear Miss Ida, how'll she ever stan' the sight of him?"

She resumed her seat, while George walked rapidly back to the Villa.

The distance was short, and in his restless eagerness to see her, was soon accomplished.

The gateway was open, and he saw, in the carriage-yard, the barouche being drawn out, for the family to Frederic Trevlyn's dinner-party.

The house wore an unusually festive look,

for the rooms seemed all opened and occupied.

He experienced a peculiar sensation as he entered the open vestibule—one he never forgot, and attributed it to the fact that the woman of all women most distasteful to him—Helen Joyce, lived there.

He dared not inquire for Ida, for he was not sure she was there, so he sent his card to



the knights of Richard an opportunity to arm, and they came on with leveled lances to the rescue of their king. The Saracens were cut down on every side, and seeing the uselessness of standing up against the mailed knights in the open field, they hastily retreated, leaving their wounded to hasten to the king, who lay prostrate on the ground. Richard, who had been hit in the shoulder, was still conscious, and he called for his armor.

"At least, take this ring, Sir Edward," said Richard, bending his knee. "Your thoughts are reward enough for Edward Turnham. No other reward will I have than this."

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Mr. Joyce, whom he had several times met.

In the lofty reception-room he waited for his host to receive him; for a brief time he sat there dreaming of Ida, wondering if she were there, when the door opened, and Mr. Joyce entered.

Usually dignified to coldness, he astonished George by grasping his hand with painful friendliness.

"So you've come to congratulate us all, have you, old fellow? I thank you, I thank you heartily."

George bowed in amazement, but seeing how mortifying his ignorance would render him, determined to feign perfect knowledge of the cause of congratulation, and mentally resolving to cut short his call as soon as he saw Ida—if she were indeed there, which he rather doubted.

Mr. Joyce rang the bell when he had finished speaking.

Jeanie answered the summons.

"Tell your lady I would be very much obliged to see her in the reception-room for a few minutes."

A feeling of provokedness prompted Casselmaire to refuse seeing Helen Joyce, the "lady," he knew of the Villa; but politeness bade him meet her, with at least a show of cordiality.

A light footstep sounded on the stairs, and Mr. Joyce hastened to meet her. He escorted her through the door, and triumphantly announced her:

"My wife—my bride, Mr. Casselmaire."

George turned in astonishment.

He looked at the lady, and his glance turned to stone. Slowly he raised his arms, in a mute appeal of keenest anguish to the white-robed figure; then swaying, reeling like a ship driven by adverse winds, he fell; and as he touched her hand in falling, all the concentration of that moment of unspeakable agony was uttered in the words that fell from his trembling lips:

"My God!—My God!—My God!"

CHAPTER XXII.

IDA'S WEDDING-DAY.

THAT had been a trying day for Andrew Joyce's timid wife, when she had met, so unexpectedly, the daughters of her husband, who were older than herself.

In her matchless loveliness and haughty consciousness of superior position, she had gone down to the dining-saloon, on her husband's arm, after the family had assembled.

HeLEN, the eldest, Julia, the second, and Irene, the child-daughter, were awaiting their father's entrance.

As usual, Helen occupied the seat at the head of the table—a position very gratifying to her vanity.

"Mrs. Bond has committed a most ridiculous mistake in supposing our family consisted of five instead of four. Why is that place there?" she asked, impatiently, of the housekeeper, who entered the room for a parting survey of the table.

"That?" she asked, confusedly, for she remembered Mr. Joyce's instructions to keep the matter a secret. "Oh, I think your father expects company to-day."

"What! when we are all going to the Archery?" Helen asked, incredulously.

"Leastwise, my orders were to lay an extra plate, Miss Helen," returned Mrs. Bond, shortly, as she left the room.

That moment the door opened, and Mr. Joyce and Ida entered.

Helen sprung in astonishment to her feet, while the other girls, who never had seen Ida before, stared wonderingly.

"Miss Tressel—you surprise me! To dinner? I am certain no invitations have been issued."

Ida's cheek flushed hotly at this insolent speech, but her calm gaze returned Helen's contemptuous one.

"Miss Helen, have the goodness to forbear your jokes in my presence. My position enforces not only respect, but *obedience*." Her freezingly polite words aroused Helen's ire still further.

"What impertinence! Do you presume to insult Andrew Joyce's daughter in her own father's house? I am mistress here!"

Her light eyes fairly scintillated with her rage, and her voice was choked with passion. She pointed to the door, while Ida smiled in conscious superiority.

"Would you insult Andrew Joyce's wife, in her own husband's house? I AM MISTRESS HERE!"

Grandly rang out her melodious voice. Helen gasped for breath.

"Wife!" she screamed, in a fearful storm of unbridled rage; "you my father's wife! you, a common, low—"

"Silence!" said Mr. Joyce, bringing his fist down on the table till the dishes rang again. "This is my wife, whom you will respect and obey in every particular. Helen, remove your seat near to your sisters. Ida, my dear, this is your proper place."

He bowed to Ida, who loftily occupied the chair Helen was thus forced to vacate. Her eyes flashing, her bosom heaving, she confronted her father.

"If you think to disgrace our family by this *mesalliance*, you need not think I shall endure the shame, the insult! I am Andrew Joyce's daughter, not Ida Tressel's slave."

She cast a menacing glance at Ida, but her father raised his hand sternly.

"I command silence. Helen, if you can not behave yourself, leave the room. Julia, follow her. Irene, my little daughter, I am glad you are a good girl; your sisters have greatly mortified me."

Proudly Helen and her sister walked from Ida's presence, and she and her husband, with the ten-year-old Irene, ate their dinner in peace.

It was scarcely over, when Casselmaire called.

Jennie summoned her, and, in total ignorance of the caller's identity, she went coldly down the stairs.

To her horror, grief and surprise, she recognized George Casselmaire!

It was a fearfully-cruel blow to them both, and Ida thought he was dying when she saw him lying so still and cold at her feet.

Darting from her husband's side, she knelt beside him, chafing his cold hands, and her hot tears falling on his pale, grief-stricken countenance.

"Not a word did she utter, yet her heart was in a tumult of inquiry as to what had caused his extreme emotion. Surely, the simple fact of her marriage, sudden though it had been, could not affect him thus; and sudden, piercing thought—what if, *after all*, he had loved her, and Helen had deceived her?

She grew dizzy and faint at the awful possibility, but rallied, determined to not allow such thoughts to gain ascendancy.

Calling Mrs. Bond, they soon succeeded in restoring the senseless man to consciousness.

Mr. Joyce had been called away, and Mrs. Bond had retired when her services were no longer required.

"My wife—my bride, Mr. Casselmaire."

George turned in astonishment.

He looked at the lady, and his glance turned to stone. Slowly he raised his arms, in a mute appeal of keenest anguish to the white-robed figure; then swaying, reeling like a ship driven by adverse winds, he fell; and as he touched her hand in falling, all the concentration of that moment of unspeakable agony was uttered in the words that fell from his trembling lips:

"My God!—My God!—My God!"

He extended his arms, as though he would fold her to his heart.

"Young man, I heard all; I know all, and I honor you! I am at best a frail old bark, and will soon put up for repairs forever; and then she will be yours. You deserve her; and were I not so wickedly selfish, I'd give her up this minute. As it is, she will have to bear with me a little while—only a little while, and then all this elegance and wealth will be hers, and she'll make you a royal bride!"

Old Mr. Joyce dashed off the teardrops, and George wrung his hand in pitiul thankfulness, and, without a word, strode straight to the Grange. He packed a valise, and the next train bore him to his uncle, Senator Rowe.

Five hours after his arrival in Philadelphia he stood in Mrs. Trevlyn's parlor.

us both, my lost, my Ida. He alone knows my anguish, and *your* agony. Oh, my darling—let me call you so to-day for the last time—my lost darling, the blow is so unexpected, so fearful. This morning, in the supreme joy of my heart, I went forth to claim you, my own; this afternoon I weep over you—the bride of another! Ida, Ida, it is hard—it is more than I can bear!"

Her heart ached for him, while, in the memory of what might have been, it bled for herself.

"We will say farewell now, George; we must. Let us strive to forgive the terrible wrong that has forever separated us. Let us part—friends."

She extended her hands, in a silent appeal for his farewell grasp. He took them and pressed them to his breast.

"I bid you farewell, my only love, my lost darling. Be true to your chosen husband, and may God reward him and his as they reward you for this dreadful sacrifice. God bless you, my precious one, and keep you and guard you, and direct you—and guard you!"

He pressed her in his arms, closely to his agonized heart, and imprinted at last, long kiss on her quivering lips.

A hand laid gently on his arm arrested him. It was Andrew Joyce, his eyes dim with tears.

"Young man, I heard all; I know all, and I honor you! I am at best a frail old bark, and will soon put up for repairs forever; and then she will be yours. You deserve her; and were I not so wickedly selfish, I'd give her up this minute. As it is, she will have to bear with me a little while—only a little while, and then all this elegance and wealth will be hers, and she'll make you a royal bride!"

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CHAPTER XXXII.

A WIFE BUT NOT A WIFE.

At Frederic Trevlyn's dinner-party one guest was absent—George Casselmaire, whose reasons were hastily written as he left the Grange, and delivered to the host by a special messenger.

An unexpected guest was present, being the wife of Andrew Joyce.

The surprise of the guests knew no bounds when they were acquainted with the fact of the sudden and secret marriage of the gray-haired owner of the Villa; and comments passed freely on her youth, beauty and grace. Her poverty and obscurity were now things of the past, hence utterly forgotten; and while as Ida Tressel she might have been ignored by the aristocratic ladies of the vicinity, as Mrs. Joyce she was flattered. Ida filled her position with exquisite dignity, and none of all the assembled guests—excepting Maude and Frederic, and it might be Helen Joyce—dreamed of the heartrending interview that had transpired an hour before her arrival at the Archery. Calm, dignified, pleasant and intelligent, she was a general favorite, and her gray-haired husband loved her better than ever.

The guests returned rather early, and among the first to retire was the family from the Grange. Maude had been quite happy all that delicious September afternoon, and she looked forward impatiently to the time when her lover would complete the interview so rudely interrupted.

She had watched him closely all that afternoon, but he had studiously avoided her, in look and deed. She admired this high-souled delicacy, and looked proudly on and worshipped silently.

When the hour came for their parting salutations, he followed her to the carriage.

"May I see you to-morrow, at twelve o'clock? I wish to have your exclusive company for awhile."

She forced her voice to speak coldly, and instantly he released her.

"Can it be—can it be? You—you, that old man's wife? I betrothed to Helen Joyce? You know better, and a' very cruel! Oh, Ida! this from you!"

She uttered a cry, like a wounded bird, and caught his hands in hers.

"George Casselmaire, tell me truly; were you not plighted to Helen Joyce?"

"As God hears me, never! I released Maude Everton, and hastened to claim you—my first, my only love—with Maude's blessing."

Gradually his voice grew sharp from the strain of sorrow, and when he ceased speaking, he bent his face, in desolate mournfulness, on Ida's hands.

"Oh, George, George! forgive me, and pity me! Don't, for mercy's sake, don't!" she sobbed, pitifully, as he kissed her cold hands.

"I loved you, Ida Tressel, and it was the sweetest dream of my life; I shall never know another. The world before me is very dark, and the only ray of light to cheer me is that you loved me—you were not false."

He stopped abruptly, for the gathering tears choked his utterance.

She laid her hand on his bowed head in gentle tenderness.

"My lot is the hardest to bear, and God alone can give me grace to endure it. But, George, give me your blessing before you go, and then I can better bear my heavy burden. I shall die if you don't, George, I shall die."

A sick, faint sensation of deepest despair filled him as she ceased speaking, and he did not restrain the tears that would fall on her hand.

"Rather let us pray our Father to help

us both, my lost, my Ida. He alone knows my anguish, and *your* agony. Oh, my darling—let me call you so to-day for the last time—my lost darling, the blow is so unexpected, so fearful. This morning, in the supreme joy of my heart, I went forth to claim you, my own; this afternoon I weep over you—the bride of another! Ida, Ida, it is hard—it is more than I can bear!"

Her husband smiled pleasantly, and closed the door after him; then threw himself on the blue velvet lounge near the door.

"Still up and in full dress, sir. I desired to see you a few moments, and this is the most befitting costume I possess."

He gazed wonderingly at her, as she stood proudly before him.

"My beautiful wife, my peerless Ida; let me bid you twice welcome to the Villa, your home, your empire!"

He extended his hand, but she made no response.

"I thank you for the kindness you have shown me to-day, sir, and I will ever gratefully remember it. But to-night it is necessary that we come to a full understanding of our position to each other. Shall I consider the same?"

He gestured for her to proceed, and she began again in her low, musical tones:

"I told you, Mr. Joyce, if you persisted in marrying me, after I had repeatedly refused you, and plainly told you that my affections was bestowed upon another—her lips trembled, but she forced back the emotion—that the union could bring no triumph, no victory to you. I repeat the same now; you have taken me, you have shown me to be your wife for the world. I am, Mrs. Joyce to the world, I am their father's wife to your children. I am the rightful mistress of the house, and as such I will be obeyed. I ask no favors, I receive none—excepting one, which I ask not only, but demand in the name of common humanity."

Speak, my dearest one, and your one solitary wish is granted; I promise on my word."

A sudden brightness swept over her face, irradiating every feature for a moment, then vanishing again.

"It is that you leave me, leave my room, and consider this apartment mine *exclusive*."

She spoke defiantly, proudly almost.

Mr. Joyce arose to his feet in wonderment.

"But, my wife, you know such a request is an unprecedented one—a—"

"Mr. Joyce," she interrupted, "unprecedented or not, I demand this privilege. You have two reasons for granting it. First your pledged word; second, that I solemnly declare, that although I am your wife in the eyes of the world, once over the threshold of this room, I am Ida Tressel!"

For a moment they looked fully and unhesitatingly at each other, then Mr. Joyce extended his hand cordially.

"You are a noble woman, Ida. You are right, perfectly right; I am wrong, all wrong. Your wish shall be sacred. And now, dear Ida, let me wish you good-night."

Kindly as a father would kiss his daughter, her husband touched her lips to her forehead, and left her alone.

Alone with her heartache, heart anguish; and on bended knee she besought the healing of her wounded, bleeding heart.

All through the long night-hours, she watched and prayed, and when the flushings in the east announced the coming day, her heavy eyes betokened her wakeful vigil.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 12.)

He did not pause until the gray streaks of day were appearing in the east. Then, knowing that it would be dangerous to pursue his journey in the light of an unobserved sun, he made his way into the middle of a thicket, where he remained till the stars resumed their places in the firmament. He was distant but four miles from the Indian village, and he approached it with caution. Reaching an elevated spot of ground, he looked down into the red-man's abode resting quietly in the moonlight. Not a sound broke the stillness that hovered over the "town," and while a cloud obscured the Queen of Night, the hunter glided from the summit of the hill, and presently found himself in the circle of lodges.

The greatest caution was now requisite, and the daring fellow paused to decide upon the next step. He concluded that Cora was in the lodge occupied by the renegade, and thither he crawled. Once—two years prior to his present adventure—he had entered the "town" in the role of spy, and knew where the lodge of Mark Hawkins was situated.

He was succeeding admirably when, suddenly, the forms of two gigantic savages loomed up before him. Instantly he crouched in the shadow of a lodge. He heard the savages talking, and at last, to his joy

Presently other savages, awakened by the whoop, issued from the lodges and gathered around the hunter, demanding his life.

He was recognized by Mark Hawkins and several chiefs as the best scout of the patriot army, and with the recognition Roger considered his fate sealed.

"Conduct the pale-face to the strong lodge of Keovola," said Black Vulture, the sachem of the tribe, pushing back several renegades who were striving to strike the prisoner with their clenched hands. "Tomorrow he dies at the stake. Black Vulture has spoken. Warriors, obey him."

Roger's captors hurried him away toward the prison kept by a brutal savage named Keovola.

"You came to steal the gal, eh, Mr. Roger Clifton?" sneered Mark Hawkins, following the trio. "You had best stayed with the cussed rebel army, as you have discovered. I'll tell you, for your benefit, that Cora is in my lodge, and she has one of two things to do—become my wife or starve!"

Roger did not reply to the renegade's taunts, and he saw the entrance closed with a sense of relief.

Upon the hard, cold ground the helpless hunter threw himself, hoping to calm his half-frazed brain by sleep. Somnus did not keep aloof, and, under the sleepless and snaky eyes of Keovola, our hero slumbered.

When the first streaks of dawn were illuminating the east, Roger was roused by a blow from his red-skinned jailer, who threw a piece of jerked venison to him as though he were a dog. He had scarcely partially allayed his appetite with the insufficient supply of food, when several Indians entered the prison to conduct him to the stake.

"Will not a council be called?" asked the hunter.

"No; the white hunter goes at once to the tree," replied one of the savages.

Without further questioning, Roger permitted himself to be led from the prison, and bound to the stake in the center of the "town." He knew that it was useless to plead for mercy, for he saw Mark Hawkins earwiggling Black Vulture, and he knew his prayers would be received with derisive yells. After completing the operation of piling the wood around him, the Indians stepped back, and their sachem commanded the sticks to be lighted.

"Now," said the chief, turning to our hero, "the hunter and his pale-face love are free. They can go from the village of the Mohawks in peace."

While Cora was being conducted to her lover, Little Wolf was released, and he sprang into his father's outstretched arms. Roger then donned his hunting-shirt, which a warrior returned to him, and when Cora came she fainted for joy on his bosom.

Taking her hand they turned their backs on the red-men.

Many years they dwelt in Cherry Valley, and to their grandchildren often related the deeds that I have recorded.

Ten years after their escape Black Vulture died a natural death, and Little Wolf, then a renowned warrior, stepped into his moc-

cains.

Cruiser Crusoe:
OR,
LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER NINETEEN.

It might have been from a sense of gratitude for my narrow escape from death, it might be something like reaction on my mind, after so much excitement and anxiety—but, when I awoke in the morning, after a long and refreshing sleep, I felt more resigned to Providence, and in a better humor to contend with the ills and sorrows of life. Not that I abated one jot of my regrets—not that I ceased to be sorry that I had lost her—but my nerves seemed braced, my energy revived, and my whole being, as it were, renovated and re-stored.

There was much to be done.

My fields had to be garnered and sown again, and then it was my earnest resolve to improve the state of my gazelle pen, so as to admit of its containing a greater number of animals, in expectation of the day when I should be without gunpowder. Another idea struck me, and that was, as my young dogs grew up I would arm them with pikes and chain them, or rather fasten with a long lariat, in such a way as to frighten away such sneaking animals as wolves and hyenas.

Lions, and such like beasts, were not likely to visit this part of the island, which was without forests in which they could take shelter. But the prowling beasts to which I allude were here, there, and everywhere.

My plan of plowing up the field already indicated, was to fasten an iron spade, in a kind of slanting direction, to a good stout piece of wood; to which, with great labor, the horse and zebra were harnessed. Then seating myself on this, I urged the animals forward, with the whip, until a very large space was turned up.

This was sown with the seeds of several rich natural grasses, as thickly as appeared advisable. Then a large rake was dragged over the whole much in the same way, and nature and the climate was left to do the rest. Another idea, however, suggested itself, while engaged in this task, and that was simply enough carried out.

What would he do? Every thing hung

upon his words. The welfare of his tribe and the death of its chiefs at the hands of the hunter, called aloud for vengeance. But his only child, who would be sachem when he had been called to the happy hunting-grounds, was in the arms of the chief-killer, and one word to his warriors would make him childless. His warriors were waiting for that word.

The hunter spoke not; his eyes shot forth his terms.

Black Vulture understood the language of the eye, yet what should he do?

His brain was the receptacle for many thoughts: reverence for the demands of his tribe, and love for his child, struggled fierce and long.

Suddenly the idea of a compromise flashed across his mind.

"If Black Vulture gives the pale hunter his freedom, shall his son live?" he asked.

"If he also releases the white captive, yes."

"And will chief-killer swear by the Great Spirit that henceforth he will slay no red-man?"

"No!" thundered the hunter. "The

spirits of my friends call for vengeance, and I will appease them."

The head of the sachem dropped upon his breast, and when he raised it after a minute's thought, he turned to his warriors.

"Warriors, Little Wolf, the son of your sachem, is near the trail of death. Your chief loves him, for when he has gone to keep the fires burning in the lodges of the Manitou, he must step into his moccasins. Warriors, to save my child, and you a chief, I proclaim the white hunter and his maiden free. I will take chief-killer's place at the tree."

It was a striking instance of the redman's love for his offspring. A great change was visible in the face of each warrior, and tomahawks and rifles were lowered.

Cora had not witnessed the torture of her lover, for his daring action had rooted the renegade at the spot.

Now, Mark Hawkins' rage knew no bounds; he saw that he was baffled, and he determined that Cora should not fall alive into her lover's arms.

With an oath he darted from the side of Black Vulture. The sachem commanded him to halt; but he ran on. The next moment the tomahawk of Black Vulture went hissing through the air, and buried itself in the brain of the miscreant.

"Now," said the chief, turning to our hero, "the hunter and his pale-face love are free. They can go from the village of the Mohawks in peace."

While Cora was being conducted to her lover, Little Wolf was released, and he sprang into his father's outstretched arms. Roger then donned his hunting-shirt, which a warrior returned to him, and when Cora came she fainted for joy on his bosom.

Taking her hand they turned their backs on the red-men.

Many years they dwelt in Cherry Valley, and to their grandchildren often related the deeds that I have recorded.

Ten years after their escape Black Vulture died a natural death, and Little Wolf, then a renowned warrior, stepped into his moc-

cains.

The birds were so tame that even my absence did not frighten them. The house served them as shelter and the woods provided them with food. Having taken one long, lingering survey of the place, a secret presentiment appearing to fill my soul, that of finding a companion to share my solitude and lighten my cares.

I worked like a slave, and often was compelled to own to myself that I had overdone it.

First the pole, which had been selected for a mast, had to be rounded and smoothed, to admit of its being

placed upright without toppling over, as the vessel, which I could hope to make, must be somewhat light.

Still it must have strength to support a sail. My anxiety was great, as using my small ax with

great caution the pole was rounded, the asperities chipped off, and the whole made to taper off gradually to the trunk.

This done, it had to be scraped with a

piece of old iron hoop, that there might

not be the slightest chance of a hitch in

drawing up and lowering the sail. As my

ingenuity did not admit of my constructing a

block, through which to pass the halyards, or

rope that pulls up or lets down the sail, I

was compelled to weave a kind of ring of

rope, so well oiled and smoothed as to admit

of the other being dragged through it.

In order to give it as much of a round

shape as possible, the inside was a stout

piece of old rope, round which was en-

twined some fine twine of my own mak-

ing.

This took me four days of excessive

labor. In the evening, while enjoying my

pipe, my fingers were diligently engaged in

weaving cordage from fiber, and during the

winter season the quantity which was made

appeared to my mind to be very great.

But it was poor stuff, as having no one to

turn a handle for me it was necessary to

plait it rather than twine it. There is no

doubt that with assistance I could have

made as good rope as could have been re-

quired, as watching the ropemakers was

one of my amusements when visiting the

fishings of Yarmouth, in Norfolk, near

which place, as has been already indicated

I was born.

The rudder was no easy matter. The

shape was familiar to me, but how to

fashion it was a mystery that I could not

easily fathom. Besides, there were no iron

rings and hooks to hang it by, so I deter-

mined at last to use a wide paddle, fastened

in a rollcock by means of some good strong

cord. Had my saw been a really ser-

viceable article, my progress would have

been swifter.

To make a wide paddle and two long

sweeps or oars—the former being the right

name for all over a certain size, as those of

a barge—it was necessary to take three

distinct trees, and to fashion them out by

means of my ax, leaving one end wide,

and the other such as could be clasped by

the hand. When they were finished, no

boat-builder in Europe would have allowed

them a place in his yard.

When every thing necessary to a boat

itself was constructed, except the body,

there remained preparations against hunger

and thirst. Calabashes, gourds, and a

small keg, were provided against the latter;

while meat was smoked, biscuit packed,

and vegetables put aside for the former

purpose. When ready to depart, fruits and

other necessities could be added.

At length, just as from having nothing

more to do, my spirits began to fail, the

rainy season ended, and the warm sun, the

clear blue sky, and the song of birds, in-

vited me to sally forth. With what delight

I did so may be well imagined. Having

hastily visited my gazelles, and killed a

pig or two, both for my own use and those of

my animals, my preparations were made

for a journey into the interior. My horse

and zebra I found fat and rather shy, but a

little corn and salt soon got over that.

Then they were loaded; and, armed

with gun and sword, and all the tools I

could carry, I sallied forth into the interior,

as proud, in all probability, as Noah

was when he first began to build the ark.

same size, placed parallel to each other, three or four feet apart, and secured in their places by four or five cross-pieces of wood, curved just in the shape of a bit-stick. These are lashed to both the canoes, with the strongest sinnet, made of cocoanut fiber. A flattened arch is in this way made by the bow-like cross-pieces over the space between the canoes, upon which a board, or a couple of stout poles, laid lengthwise, constitute an elevated platform, for passengers and freight, while those who are to paddle and steer sit on the body of the canoe at the sides.

A slender mast often rose from the middle of the platform, giving support to a very simple sail from matting.

But there was an objection to this plan, which was this:—to make two canoes was to undergo double labor, and if they were replaced by beams of wood, the raft would be unmanageable.

Still, no rational or feasible idea suggested itself to me. It was at last decided in my mind to leave the decision of the matter somewhat to fortune, while in the meantime I prepared such parts of a canoe as could be constructed in my cave. There were indeed many things which would have been far more useful, and the devotion of time to which would have been decided more rational, but my mind was made up, and nothing could move me from the contemplation of my hobby.

As my vessel was to be a sailing vessel, a mast, a rudder, a yard, and a pair of sweeps were absolute necessities, after which there came the important item of sail and rigging. People talk of a labor of love. With me, this was the right epithet to apply to the task, which I had undertaken. I was goaded on by the sweetest of hopes, that of finding a companion to share my solitude and lighten my cares.

I worked like a slave, and often was compelled to own to myself that I had overdone it.

First the pole, which had been selected for a mast, had to be rounded and smoothed, to admit of its being

placed upright without toppling over, as the vessel, which I could hope to make, must be somewhat light.

Still it must have strength to support a sail. My anxiety was great, as using my small ax with

MATRIMONIAL MEDITATIONS.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

To-night, on the verge of my womanhood,
I have made my vows to be his wife,
And I hope that it only may be good,
Since it is for love—and life!

And yet there's Clarence, and Howard, and Paul—
What will they think when they hear the news?
Between them and Henry (they loved me all!)
It has been quite hard to choose.

But Clarence is poor, his income is small,
I think it is only five thousand a year,
And the fashions, they say, for summer and fall,
Are expected to be very dear.

He asked for my hand only three nights ago,
Coming home from the dance at Mrs. Lavine's;
I almost loved him, yet had to say no,
And all on account of his means.

And Howard and Paul—both adorable men—
I might have loved either, but then I must part
with—

One only has him and the other but ten
Thousands dollars a year to start with!

What is love without fortune sufficiently large?
I'd as lief live as lonely as Robinson Crusoe!

My parents' oft gave me as watchword and charge,
"Look along, look aloft," and "do so!"

But Henry has come, and he's richer than all;
And this night I have promised to be his wife,

Which I wouldn't have done for a fortune itself,
Since a marriage is often for life.

Three weeks we wed; after, if he
Thinks me extravagant then I'll to law go,
And in short time be made happy and free.

By judicial decree in Chicago.

The Rival Hunters;

OR,
Starlight, the Shawnee Beauty.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Does the bright-eyed hunter love Starlight?

And the soft eyes of the beautiful Indian
maiden scanned the face of the young man
who held her little hands in his.

"Yes, the white hunter loves Starlight—
loves as he never loved before. His thoughts
night and day are of her, for she is the fairest
being he has ever seen."

"Starlight is happy, then," said the Shawnee,
joyously. "Some day she will come
to the hunter's lodge and build his fires."

"I hope so, Starlight. I long to call you
mine; and when the proper time comes, I
shall."

Then a shadow crossed the maiden's face,
and with a tone of anxiety, she asked:

"But has the white hunter noticed his
bearded companion?"

"No," he answered, starting at the question,
and the tone of the dusky interrogator.

"Starlight, believes that he, too, loves
her?"

Again Jerome Vivian started and looked
uneasily around.

"Yes," continued Starlight, "he has often
regarded her with curious looks, and once he
attempted to press his loving lips to her
cheek. But, Starlight fled from him like the
wild deer, and he uttered words that grated
harsly upon her ears."

"He swore?"

"Yes, he uttered the name of the pale-
face's Great Spirit, and it was followed by
a terrible word. It quickened Starlight's
steps, and she covered her ears with her
hands."

"He did all this?" cried Jerome, exasperated
at the conduct of his companion, Duke
Black.

"Yes," answered the maiden. "Starlight
is afraid of him."

"I will talk with him, when he returns,"
said the hunter; "and I am sure that he will
not act so rude again."

"Then Starlight will love the pale-face
more than ever. She will call upon the
Great Spirit to protect him, and that when
he steps upon the trail of death—when his
hair is white as snow-flakes—he will guide
him to his mighty lodge."

The hunter stooped and kissed the woman
he worshiped, and she gently drew her
hands from his and stepped back.

"Starlight must return to her father's
lodge," she said, reluctant to separate from her
lover. "When the sun has risen and set
three times she will come again."

"And I will meet Starlight here—beneath
this forest monarch, whose mighty arms
shield my cabin. Here, some day, we will
be happy, with none to molest or make us
afraid."

Starlight smiled as she anticipated the
coming happy time, and a minute later,
having received the parting kiss, was bound-
ing through the forest like the frightened
fawn.

Jerome Vivian was, as we have said, a
young man; and accompanied by Duke
Black, who was some years his senior, he
had penetrated the wilds of Ohio some
years subsequent to the daring achievements
of Daniel Boone, and assisted in the erection
of a rude cabin on the banks of the Muskingum.
Surprised at the boldness of the two whites, the Shawnees gave them the
hand of friendship, and their great chiefs
often smoked the pipe of peace upon their
threshold.

By and by Jerome encountered Starlight,
the beautiful and only daughter of Walpugah,
an aged chieftain whose steps were slow
and tottering. Often she came to the cabin,
and he told her many things about his people
which pleased her, and drew her to him
with chords of love.

He never dreamed that his companion,
who claimed to be a misanthrope, looked
upon the maiden with eyes of love, and it is
not strange that Starlight's sudden question
startled the young man. He determined to
accost Duke regarding his rudeness to the
object of his adoration, and an hour after her
departure a good opportunity presented itself.
Duke returned with a doe, and in apparently
good humor.

"Duke," cried Jerome, assuming an air of
mirthfulness, "Starlight says that you tried
to kiss her."

A strange shade crossed Black's countenance,
which his partially averted face hid
from his companion.

"She did, eh?" he said.

"Yes."

"Well, then, I suppose I did."

"And she furthermore says that, not suc-
ceeding, you cursed her."

Then he turned and said, sullenly:

"I would like to know what it is to you,
Jerome Vivian?"

"A great deal, Duke—and to yourself, too,
Were she to inform her people of your rude-
ness, their ire might be aroused, and there is
no telling what they might do."

Duke Black hung his head.

"Jerome, I believe you are right," he said,
thoughtfully. "I hope she will say nothing
about it, for I know I acted like a fool. I
tried to kiss her, but I will not say that I
sware it is for love—and life."

Thus ended the conversation between the
hunters, and Duke entered the cabin, leaving
Jerome beneath the tree.

"Of course I cursed the Indian, Jerome Vivian," grated Black, when he found him-
self within the cabin. "I heaped upon her
the contents of my dictionary. But, I didn't
choose to tell you, Jerome Vivian. Ha! you
love her, and you feast yourself upon the
thought that she will be yours, some day.
We will see about that! She is mine—mine!"

Has he come between me and the prize that
I would brave death for?" The madman!

If the Shawnee beauty has fallen into his
toils, be the sin upon his own head, for
not even a brother shall stand between me
and mine!"

Savagely he hissed the words, but when
he rejoined Jerome he was all smiles, and in
a jesting mood.

beautuous maiden to wife, to love and
cherish her so long as thou spares my life."

This solemn vow spoke Jerome Vivian,
one cloudless night, as he stood upon the
banks of the Muskingum, covering Star-
light's hands with his.

"And hear Starlight, too, oh Great Spirit,
for she swears to love her pale-face lover
until she comes to make the fires in thy
lodge, in the happy hunting-grounds of her
people."

The marriage ceremony was ended, and
Jerome took Starlight to his humble house.
There they lived till their hair was white as
spotless snow, when their souls almost si-
multaneously entered the abode of the blest.

Mourned by the entire Shawnee nation,
they were buried near the beautiful Muskin-
gum, and a few years ago their graves were
yet to be seen.

horse, I advanced slowly toward the grove,
at a place where it was so narrow that I
could see the light through the trees on the
other side.

"Once there, I tied Tommy to a tree, and
crept slowly forward on hands and knees to
look for my antelopes.

"When I last saw them they had been
feeding close to the windward side of the
mote, and I fully expected they would be
there still.

"Fancy my disappointment when I found
that they had disappeared.

"I looked far and near, but in vain. The
shy creatures had decamped, and were prob-
ably far off on this.

"All my pains had been taken for nothing,
and I was very much disappointed."

"Say ye cussed, lad, and ha' done," said
Billy Wilson. "I'm doggomed if I wouldn't
'a' cussed like sixty, if it had been me."

"Well, Billy, you must remember that I'd
been well brought up in those days. My
mother had told me that it was wicked to
swear, and I never did it. Still I will own
that I thought 'damn' as the old Dutch woman
says.

"But 'twas no use crying over spilt milk,
so I started to go back to Tommy, when I
heard him trampling and kicking at a great
rare."

"I thought he must have got cast in his
lariat rope, and I started on a run to save
him from hanging himself.

"But when I arrived there, I soon per-
ceived a far different cause for his behav-
ior.

"Lying on a branch of a tree, some fifty
feet from him, was a long, low, hideous-looking
creature, that I knew in a minute for a
panther."

"There was no mistaking that square, sav-
age-looking head, nor the tawny hide, that
slid up and down on the angular, ungraceful
body, as the fierce brute crept slowly along
from branch to branch, toward the live oak
beneath which Tommy was struggling for
freedom.

"I was dreadfully frightened. I was only
a little boy after all, and had never seen a
brute as dangerous as a panther before.

"But what was to be done?"

"The panther was approaching nearer
and nearer to the poor pony, who danced
frantically about, trying in vain to break the
strong lariat that fastened him to the tree.

"I took a sudden resolution, and dashed
forward to the rescue, shouting loudly to
scare the beast on the tree.

"It had the desired effect, for he hesitated

for a moment, and then sprang from the tree
and crouched for an instant, and I was en-
abled to reach poor Tommy, who whinnied
his gratitude to me at his rescue.

"But the panther was not to be balked of
his prey so easily. He was still on another
tree, and I saw him gathering himself for a
leap into the one the pony was tied to. Instinctively
I hopped into the saddle, without
looking up, and drawing my bowie-knife,
which was as sharp as a razor, cut the lariat
close to Tommy's head.

"The frightened pony gave a bound that
nearly unseated me, and was off in an instant.

"Something made me look up ahead, and
there was our terrible foe, once more above us,
spread out on a branch beneath which I
must necessarily pass."

"I wheeled round sharp, seeing on his
hindlegs as he did so.

"Already half out of the saddle, from his
first bound, the second completed my discon-
fidence, and I tumbled back over Tommy's tail,
in a manner that would have been hu-
morous, but for the terrible enemy overhead.

"I fell on my back with an instinctive
shriek, and as I looked up, there was the grim
beast, with his glaring green eyes, right over-
head, and about to drop on me.

"How I did it I don't know, but my hand
fell on my rifle, which had shared my tumble.

Instinctively I raised it, still lying on my
back, and took the best aim I could.

"It was full time, for the panther was
trembling, and setting himself back and for-
ward, in readiness to spring, his tail lashing
from side to side as he did so.

"With a silent prayer of 'Lord have
mercy on me,' I pulled the trigger, and then
the smoke hid every thing under the tree
from my view.

"As I fired, I rolled away, and tried to
jump up, when something soft struck me,
and back I fell, with the dying panther on
top of me. He was not quite dead.

"'Hist!' suddenly whispered old Pete,
clutching Charley by the arm.

"We were silent in an instant.

"The old mountain man's hand was on his
rifle, as he interrupted the story, and he peered
into the night, with an eager gaze, that
seemed as if he would pierce the very black-
ness of darkness.

"There 'tis again, lads!" he hurriedly
said, in a low tone, as a movement became
noticeable among our horses and pack-
mules.

"Bill Wilson suddenly started away from
the fire, which was almost dead, and stole
quietly into the darkness.

Beat Time's Notes.

Our distance-defying spectacles are just
the things for people who are getting lame
in the eyes: they are warranted to read the
finest print, and never make a mistake. All
you have to do is to adjust them to the pa-
per, and you can lie down and take a nap
while the latest news are being read. They
can see through any millstone, be the hole
large or big. They are much better than
the undressed eye, and are warranted always to
see the point.

You can see clear to the other end of the
year, and they are sure to draw Christmas so
close that it will occur early in July. Through
them you can plainly see what is going
on the other side of a hill.

Persons with glass eyes write that they de-
rive much benefit from the use of them. They
remove dandruff, purify the blood, open
boils, and remove "grease-spots." Nobody
that has them is without them. They are
made of the finest porcelain, and will last
you a lifetime, or longer if you desire it.

The price is reduced to one dollar for
one pair, three dollars for two, four dollars
for three, or twenty cents hundred.

THE RED HOT STOVE.

This stove is designed to revolutionize
not only Cuba, but the stove business in
general, from the fact that it consumes no
wood, being heated entirely by hot air—the
hot air is procured from a stove in the cellar
underneath.

Read this certificate: "The way in which your patent stove
cooks every thing is rare. It is very useful. This morning it got breakfast, milked the
cows, woke us up, and washed our faces; and we would not part with it for half its
price."

In extremely hot weather the stove can be
set out in the sun, and when it gets hot
enough it will cook any thing with ease. It
has also a painted bed of coals over which
you can place your fowls, and you will find
that they will get done soon, from pure force
of imagination. This stove is as useful as
a babe in a small family. Call early and
often.

The eagle, by permission of other fowls,
has been allowed the title of king of birds.
It is a bird of Empire, as it generally circu-
lates in the broad empire. It is very easily
distinguished from other fowls by the
everlasting shield which it bears upon its
breast, and also by its having two hands full
of arrows. It lives principally on American
coin—which accounts for said coin being so
remarkably high—and also on the United
States flags. It may be added that the great
American eagle allows no despot to tramp
on its toes, or to put salt on its tail.

JAKE—If you desire to commit suicide,
and after taking the poison you find that
there is great danger of the operation proving
too successful, send for a stomach-pump; if
you can't get that, get a cistern pump, and
hire two little nigger boys by the hour to
pump; if at the expiration of several hours,
and nearly at the expiration of yourself, this
don't answer, take a violent emetic—pecac,
boarding-house coffee, or something of that
kind. Should these fail, swallow some aqua-
fortis to kill the poison, then some alcohol
to kill the aqua-fortis, then some whisky to
kill the alcohol, then some gin to kill the whisky,
then some wine to kill the gin, then some beer
to kill the wine, and a piece of lemon to take